

Patrol duty by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

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Characters: Callahan (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

His raised eyebrows silences the increasingly agitated Callahan.

"... you were the Johnny Nicholls guy, weren't you?" Callahan sighs.

"I guess. You actually busted me in sophomore year out here with a girl..."

"Oh. Sorry about that. Well then, now's your chance to spoil someone else's fun."

Callahan comes to a stop and nods to a car parked by the lake.

"What? You mean I have to...?"

"Yeah? Come on, get out and do it."

"Why do I have to do it? Why can't you..."

"Hey, I am your superior. Hate to pull rank on you, Rook, but go out there and make some poor guy miserable, that's an order."

"Fine," he sighs and steps out of the cruiser.

Patrol duty

Author's Note:

For day 5 of Jancy Fanfic Week the theme is "Canon compliant: If the Duffers read it, they could include it in season 3". That inspired me to do this, a suggestion for a possible opening scene of season 3.

So far, being a cop was nothing like in the movies. Okay, he did realize it was Hawkins and nothing ever happens here. Apart from interdimensional monsters killing people. And he supposes that him being bored at work is better than him fighting Demodogs again. Thankfully no new threats from the Upside Down has arisen since last Halloween. He knows because he and Chief Hopper is always on the lookout for anything out of the ordinary. He knows him knowing about it all was may have been the main factor in Hopper taking him on as cadet even though he flunked the written exam the first time and only passed the shooting test because Nancy took him out to the woods to practice beforehand. As Nancy had said, "He'll like having someone else on the Force who knows about it".

And it was better being bored at work as a cop than being bored working for his dad. Since the latter option entailed both boredom and his father, he'd gladly taking being bored in the passenger seat of a cruiser next to Officer Callahan.

It's Friday night and they have patrol duty. He's been on patrol several times, but never on a Friday night. He thinks of what Friday nights used to mean for him. Usually a party somewhere that may or may not eventually be broken up by the police. Now he was on the other side of it. Though thankfully they hadn't gotten calls about any rowdy party tonight. His worst fear is that they'll send him out to bust up a party and he'll be recognized by people he went to school with.

"Well, let's check out the usual spots," Callahan suddenly changes subject after droning on about what he had for lunch today for way

too long.

"The usual spots?"

"You should know, Rookie, the regular spots popular with the teenagers around here..." Callahan says and waggles his eyebrows.

"Oh..."

"Actually, do you know about any new spots? I'll swing by Lovers Lake first of course."

"No... no, that's pretty much the main one I suppose... but uh, do we have to? I mean, can't we just let the kids be kids?" He tries, really not thrilled about the prospect of going around busting teen couples in cars. He's been on the other side of that too.

"Nah, Chief wants us to. Plus it's kind of fun, see it as a chance to get revenge for all those times in high school you got rejected. When the girls never wanted to go to the lake with you but wanted to go with Johnny Nicholls or-"

His raised eyebrows silences the increasingly agitated Callahan.

"... you were the Johnny Nicholls guy, weren't you?" Callahan sighs.

"I guess. You actually busted me in sophomore year out here with a girl..."

"Oh. Sorry about that. Well then, now's your chance to spoil someone else's fun."

Callahan comes to a stop and nods to a car parked by the lake.

"What? You mean I have to...?"

"Yeah? Come on, get out and do it."

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"Hey, I am your superior. Hate to pull rank on you, Rook, but go out there and make some poor guy miserable, that's an order."

"Fine," he sighs and steps out of the cruiser.

He can only pray it's not anyone he knows. But the car looks vaguely familiar, he thinks as he takes out his flashlight and strides over. He lets out a deep sigh before he steps up to one of the windows by the backseat, banging on it and shining his flashlight through it.

What he sees inside horrifies him. Jonathan Byers, pants halfway down, and under him Nancy Wheeler, shirt off and looking to be in the process of losing her pants as well when he interrupts them. They both jolt and curse at his knock. Thank God for Byers, who makes sure to shield Nancy's body with his while she scrambles to get her shirt back on, before he gets his pants back up. A real gentleman, he has to hand it to him.

"Steve?!" Both Nancy and Jonathan shriek when they see that it's him. He really wishes a black hole would open up beneath him and swallow him down. Instead he gives an awkward wave.

"Steve, what the hell?!" Nancy hisses, rolling down the window slightly and looking both surprised, embarrassed and angry. Jonathan looks to be almost more uncomfortable than he himself.

"Sorry, sorry. But uh, you can't do that here, it's indecent exposure and..."

"Seriously?!" Nancy cuts him off. "You do realize that-"

"Yeah yeah, I know, I know, brick, glass house, I know. This isn't exactly how I wanted to spend my Friday night, but I got to follow orders, Nancy."

"I can't believe this."

"Could you just... go somewhere else. *Indoors*," he pleads. "Can't he just sneak in through the window like I did, it's not that hard," he

continues without thinking. Nancy and Jonathan both gets even more redfaced.

"Well we used to but last week my mom-" Nancy begins to explain.

"No no, don't wanna know," he cuts her off. "Just, go somewhere, out of here."

"Fine," she huffs.

"See you," he parts with awkwardly. Nancy can barely look at him. Jonathan gives the most awkward wave he's ever seen.

"So," Callahan begins as he gets back in the cruiser. Jonathan has already sped off. "Didn't that make you feel good?"

"Kill me," he mutters and beats his head against the dashboard.

"I can't believe that just happened," Nancy says after a long silence in the car.

"Tell me about it," he mutters. He thought that nothing would ever be more embarrassing than when Nancy's mother walked in on them last week. Turns out Nancy's ex busting them topped that.

The mood was definitely ruined plus they ran the risk of missing the curfew Mrs. Wheeler had imposed on them after last week's incident, despite Nancy's vigorous protests; so he drives Nancy home.

For a second he thought that it almost looked like a van was following them, but looking in the rearview mirror again it was gone,

must've made a right onto Dearborn. He pulls up to the curb outside Nancy's house.

"Well, goodnight. I had a great time... for the most part," Nancy says and gives him a kiss.

"Yeah, me too. See you tomorrow?"

"Definitely."

Nancy kisses him one more time before stepping out of the car. He watches her walk up to the door. She turns on the porch and gives him a wave. He waves back and waits until she's safely inside her house before driving off.

He drives the familiar way home from Maple Street. One more time a feeling like he's being followed comes over him for a second, but once again no one's there so he shakes it off. He parks at the end of the driveway next to the Chief's cruiser and steps inside his house.

They're all still in front of the tv just like when he left them earlier, but only Hopper is awake, his mom snoring lightly beside him on the loveseat, Will and El slumped against each other in the sofa. The sound is off and the movie seems to be at it's conclusion when Hopper looks up at him, looks down at his watch, then back up at him.

"Callahan bust ya?" Hopper smirks.

"Harrington," he sighs deeply.

"Ouch," Hopper can barely contain his laughter.

"Goodnight," he leaves with another sigh and heads for his room.

"Night."

"You good?" Mick turns and asks as they watch the car turn off the road and down the long driveway to the house now familiar to them from a week's worth of stakeouts.

"Yeah, let's go," Kali replies, wiping the blood from her nose.

"When do we execute the plan?" Funshine asks.

"Soon."